# THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

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Price five cents. Is the combine which is running Mayor Sullivan refusing inspection of the books while they are being doctored to cover a

The Sunday Journal has double the circu-

lation of any Sunday paper in Indiana,

breach of the charter? TEN minutes' inspection of the Journal's advertising columns this morning will satisfy the reader that the business situation and outlook in this city have never been more gratifying.

BECAUSE the census experts have found the mortgages on Kansas farms to be \$167,145,039 it will not do to assume that the calamity-shrickers will cease to declare that they are three times as much

WHEN the Sullivan regime demonstrates that \$4,074.24 can be paid out of \$3,384.97, and leave a reserve in the pocket-book, it will have discovered the panacea for the larger part of human auffering

THE sudden stopping of the attempt to "bear" gas properties by the mouthniece of the conspiracy has not yet caused people to forget about it or to conjecture who are in it and what they are in it for.

WHISKY and a concealed weapon have brought M. B. Curtis to the foot of th gallows, though he may get off with life imprisonment. In the eye of the law, drunkenness is no palliation of The man who drinks whisky never carry a pistol, and he who carries a pistol should never drink A safer rule is never to do

THE question people are asking today: "Is there a conspiracy on the part of the Democratic managers to furnish an insafficient number of ballots in large Republican precincts, as the action of the Democratic Council would indicate?" Have Coy, Hicklin and Thomas L. Sullivan improved upon existing disfranchisement schemes in Mississippi and South Carolina?

THE year before France and Germany shutout American pork 113,000,000 pounds were shipped from this country, which was 13.22 per cent. of the whole export. Last year only 3,700,000 were shipped to both countries, which was only a little more than one-half of 1 per cent, of the total export. But, thanks to the persistent efforts of the administration and the effective legislation of the last Congress, Germany is open to our pork products, and France soon will be.

THAT is an amusing illustration of British arrogance and ignorance furnished by a correspondent of the London Times writing from the continent. He complains that American travelers are crowding the English out of all the nice places on the continent, but finds satisfaction in the reflection that Americans can never become popular on account of their nasal voices. Americans do not go to Europe to court popularity, but to have a good time, and as long as they have plenty of money they generally succeed in doing so. If they are crowding Englishmen to the wall, it only shows that they are beating John

Bull at his own game. FANNY B. WARD'S letter from Chili on another page of this issue, will be found specially interesting as throwing a different light upon the situation from that given in the telegraphic reports. Mrs. Ward, it will be observed, does not take the popular view of the Chilian question, but, having been in Santiago both before and during the war, she has had ample opportunity to study the affair from all points. She is of the opinion that the rebel and now successful faction has been misrepresented and overpraised, and that it is not deserving of sympathy, while the government has not had its story told at all. It is well to understand both sides of such a controversy, and time will soon prove which i the right one.

A CENSUS bulletin gives the number of children attending the public schools in 1890 as 12,562,894, and 1,359,707 were in attendance in private and parochial schools. As the number attending the public schools is ten to one attending private schools, there seems no ground to fear that the open school of the State will not hold its ground as the educational power of the country. It also appears that the parochial school does not have quite half of the pupils attending private schools, so that the church school cannot be regarded as an immediate antagonist to the public school which need be feared, as some would as a man should, without complaint and to try and introduce his light there, but, THE verdict of the coroner's jury in rehave the country believe. Of the chil- ready for the best or worst. It is the not meeting with success and becoming dis- gard to the Park-place disaster in New

a ratio as colored population bears to white, but the fact that so large a number of colored children are receiving the benefits of the public schools dismisses all lingering fear about the future of the colored race.

PUBLIC SCHOOL RATHER THAN UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

days, of university extension and of plans for the wider education of the comparatively few who are so fortunate as to have the means which will enable them to devote years to study. This is well and very desirable if those who have these advantages turn their superior culture and attainments to practical use. But there are branches of education which are vastly more important than the subject of university extension, because thousands are interested where a score can avail themselves of higher educational privileges. This more important educational development may be called the public-school extension. Great progress has been made during the past fifty years in public school instruction, but, when measured by its practical use to the masses who attend these schools, it must be admitted that they fall far short of what practical people have a right to expect of them. The child is taught to read, to write, and something of arithmetic, geography, what is called grammar, and so on. This instruction is a key to other attainments if the pupil becomes a reader. But beyond reading, writing and the fundamental principles of arithmetic the public-school education is not of much practical benefit to those who must go to some sort of labor early in life. The man or woman whose intelligence is quickened and broadened by education \$100 each, \$11,000,000. is as a rule a more expert workman than those who can neither read nor write, but broad, practical instruction seems the right of children who must in later years earn a livelihood, and they should have education which will fit them in some measure for life's vocations. That cannot be the best public education for the masses which sends the pupil into the world without any technical training or any skill in the use of the hand with the brain. The instruction in the public schools should be extended so as to help the pupil to earn his bread in after life. This subject has been attracting much attention. and public-school extension has been begun in some cities. Thus far. however, only the smallest beginning has been made. The difficulty seems to be to have some definite plans and persons who will carry them out. It is an innovation, and, consequently, those who are satisfied with the present methods cannot be relied upon to make such radical changes. No feature of education has any part of the importance which attaches to the extension of the public school to include, with other instruction, technical training. It may seem impracticable to those who are wedded to routine, but it is a subject to be discussed, to the end that it may be adopted. Public school extension is vastly more important than university extension, and those who are thinking about bestowing money to promote the latter should remember that the starting of technical common schools is of vastly more importance.

# SOME MODERN HEROES.

"No lives were lost but those of the

engineer and fireman;" "the engineer

was instantly killed, and the fireman

lost both legs and will probably die;" "the engineer and fireman were unable to jump in time to escape the collision, and were so badly injured that they will be crippled for life." Hardly a day passes that an item like the above is not found in the telegraphic reports. The story is told in two lines, and is so frequently repeated that a public, never too sympathetic over the woes of others, becomes callous and passes such chronicles by with scarcely athought. It is unmindful of the fact that these men who drive the engines that carry the traffic of the world rank high among the heroes of the nineteenth century. In private life they are not especially notablegood neighbors, good citizens, but assuming no more than the every-day virtues, and attracting no attention to themselves. In their official capacity, with the badges of their calling upon them in the shape of sooty hands and faces and soiled garments, they are not picturesque objects to appeal to the romantic taste which demands that heroes be pleasing to the eye. But it is not the fashion in this practical, commonplace age for its valorous spirits to go about in plumed array and with flourishing sword to challenge the admiration of the populace. Even if the men who deserve this admiration were aware of their dues it would not be their way to court recognition by so much as a wave of the hand. It is the modern way for those worthy the honor of their fellowmen to go serenely about their business and the faithful performance of their duties. That is what these engineers do. They ask and expect nothing more of the public than is given to others, and yet they risk more. It is the fashion of interested persons to declare that the risk of railroad travel scarcely more than that encountered by the people who stay at home, and figures are cited to prove that more deaths result from falling out of windows than from railroad accidents. Nevertheless, there are few, even of these statistical people, who, it it were a question of long life, but would prefer to take their chances with the windows. And not engineer goes out trip but knows that, spite of all his skill and care, he may not return alive. He knows that the broken rail, the turned switch, the weakened trestle, the "wild" train, that has brought destruction to so many of his brethren, may, one of them, be in wait for him that night; and, with the ideas of fatality that many such men acquire, he feels sure that some day. sooner or later, the doom will fall. But he goes on with cool nerves and steady brain, bearing his heavy responsibilities

risks that are run, and whose sleep is broken by visions of calamity in which their loved one is a sufferer. Sometimes -almost surely, first or last-the dream comes true, and in the morning the careless public, over the breakfast table, reads of another engineer and fireman who have died at their posts. And other men take their places, for bravery is not at a premium, and the The public hears a great deal, these world and its trains move on. Some day, perhaps, it will come to pass that the fearlessness, the fortitude, the faithfulness of these public servants will not be slurred over or belittled by any one, least of all their employers, but will be recognized and rewarded.

> EXPENDITURES OF AMERICANS ABROAD. Three months ago every European steamer was crowded with American tourists. Now the rush is toward home, and it is so great that extravagant offers for passage are refused because ships bave no accommodations. It is estimated that 110,000 Americans went to Europe the past season. This is more than twice as many as went ten years ago, when the number was 51,229. This great increase is not so much due to a reduction of the cost of such excursions as to the desire or ambition of many to go abroad. In other words, it is the "fad." But it is a very costly one for this country, and accounts for the loss of a good deal of gold, and helps materially to keep up the stock of yellow metal in Europe. An exchange which has considered this subject estimates that 110,000 Americans, at the lowest calculation, have spent \$62,500,000 this season in going to Europe, as follows: Steamship fares, \$13,000,000; traveling expenses in Europe, fifty days, at \$7 per day, \$38,500,000; purchases abroad, at

During June and July about \$70,000, 000 of our gold was sent to Europe from this country, causing considerable un easiness in conservative financial circles. Many articles were written explaining the causes of the gold export. One class of financial writers told us that it was to pay for American securi ties which timid holders in Europe were sending back for sale. Another asserted that as securities could no longer be sold to pay obligations abroad, gold must be employed. At first the public was assured that the next week would see the end of the outflow of gold, but week after week it continued, until some timid people were alarmed, and, with the uncertainty about silver legislation, confidence in business was affected. It seems that this \$60,000,000 or more of gold which American tourists expended during the season accounts for a considerable portion of the gold that went out of the country during June and July. Other causes have their effect, but the fact that the export of gold ceased when our visitors in Europe had arrived out and presented their drafts, proves that our temporary emigration was responsible for a considerable portion of the financial disturbance. The failure of crops in Europe and our unusual abundance will bring back these millions, but, under ordinary circumstances, this country would lose that large amount of money-a sum that would avert a stringency, and even

panic, if available at the crisis. A question which it will be worth while for many to consider when they return and are forced to practice close economy for months to make good the expenditures of a two months' rush through Europe is whether or not it paid. All will probably say it did. but

did it? THE "fire fiend" continues to be th great destroyer of property in this coun try, year after year, the total loss in the United States and Canada during August being \$9.055,100. This is \$46,000 more than last August, but \$2,008,750 less than August, 1889, when the so-called "fiend was particularly active. The most destructive fire of the month was the conflagration in Jacksonville, Fla., the loss being \$845,000. In this case the underwriters had established a lower rate of insurance just previous to the fire, upor the assurance of an improvement of the facilities for putting out fires, which were not adopted. Chicago had a \$625,-000 fire, and Dallas, Tex., one which burned \$400,000 worth of property into smoke and ashes. Still, knowing that three-fourths of the fires are due carelessness, no general effort appears to be made to cure the most inexcusable of shortcomings.

AFTER full consideration, the tradeunion congress, which has just been sitting in Newcastle, England, decided in favor of eight hours as the limit of a day's work, provided that it should be optional with any trade or class of workers to have longer hours if they so desired. This is a reasonable conclusion. Physiological investigations prove beyond a doubt that some occupations and kinds of workers can stand longer hours than others. It is also a wellestablished fact that some individuals can stand more work than others and thrive upon it. There are so many physical as well as economic conditions which ought to be taken into account in determining the question that it would seem unwise to establish an inflexible rule. Undoubtedly it is better to leave some room for the operation of exceptional causes and individual responsibility.

THE Scientific American recently printed the following news paragraph from

1ts issue of Dec. 9, 1848: New Electrical Light.-The inventors of a new electrical light exhibited at the Western Literary Institute, Leicester, on its recent reopening under the new auspices, expect, it is said, to apply it generally to shop and street illumination and they state that while the conveying will cost no more than gas, the expense of illumination will be one-twelfth the price of the latter

In another paragraph Messrs. Staite and Peterie are mentioned as the English inventors of the new light.

Now comes a citizen of Davenport, Ia., and says that the real inventor of the electric light was Mr. J. Milton Sanders, of Newport, Ky. It is claimed that Mr. Sanders invented the light in 1844, and that it was exhibited in Cincinnati, where it excited much curiosity and commendation. A year or two later Sanders went to England

claimed to be the inventor. In corroboration of this statement it is asserted that Sanders published a card in the Cairo, Ill., Delta in April, 1849, in which he said: "The light is my own invention. I invented it in Newport, Ky., in the fall of 1844. This Mr. Starte, who is now exhibiting the light and lecturing about it, is the very man to whom the light was sold." If this is true it seems to be a case in which the early inventors were on the right track but did not succeed in utilizing their discovery. It, however, makes an interesting chapter in the history of electrical development.

A FEW days ago the Mayor of Newcastle, Pa., attacked on the street the editor of a Sunday paper of that place and gave him a severe beating. The offense was the publication of certain articles reflecting on the pastor of the church of which the Mayor was a leading member and officer. Immediately following the street fight the Mayor published the following card to the

Realizing the disgrace brought upon myself and the city by my conduct in the assault made by me upon J. E. Leslie on Monday, I wish in this public manner to confess that I committed a sin aga nat God, a crime against the laws of the Commonwealth and city ordinances, and a wrong against Mr. Leslie, which even the publication of many scurrilous articles that have appeared in the Graphic during the past ten months will not justify, and especially in one holding the responsible of the chief executive of the city and an office-bearer in the Christian church I have earnestly asked God's forgiveness, and I here publicly and humbly ask the forgiveness of the citizens of Newcastle. I have authorized the chief of police to see that I pay the penalty for the violation of the city ordi-nance, and I fully expect and readily concede Mr. Leslie's right to proceed against me under the Commonwealth laws. For the wrong, hereby ask his forgiveness, notwithstanding the oft-repeated and, in my judgment, uncalled-for provocation. I regret from the depth of my heart that in the heat of passion, and on the spur of the moment, I made such a grave error.

As a confession of wrong-doing, that seems to cover the ground. By the way, what is the difference, morally, between a Mayor, who violates the law himself, and one who permits his appointees and subordinates to violate it?

EUGENE FIELD takes a stand in favor of et diminutives in girls' names. He says "We believe in and we stand for everything that shall show to the world that our girls, our sweethearts, our wives and our mothers are our pets and are petted." Mr. Field's sentimentality gets the better of his good sense. No one has ever offered any objection to the calling of pet names so long as the custom is observed only by the members of a family or by lovers when addressing each other. If a father chooses to call his daughter "Mamie," or "Flossie," or "Kittie" when speaking to her, that is his own affair; and if a young woman is willing to respond to the "Nellie," or "Fannie," or "Minnie" of her best young man, that is her business. It is when these names appear upon visiting-cards and are attached to formal or business correspondence-are, in short, thrust upon the public as the only appellations by which the outside world may know these women, young and oldthat the "pet" business seems overdone and out of place. With the private language of affection the public has nothing to do. As well might it be argued that the other affectionate terms known to fond fathers, husbands and lovers, the "darlings," and "dearests," and "own loves," be made publie property, just to show the world that "our women are petted." But possibly even Mr. Field might not like that.

THE Savannah, Ga., News tells a curious story of how Patrick O'Keefe came to be owner and king of the island of Nyph, in the Pacific ocean. Twenty years ago he was a sailor in the coastwise trade in Georgian waters. In the heat of an affray he killed a fellow-sailor, and, though acquitted, he determined to leave the country. This he did in 1871, sailing as mate on a vessel bound for Liverpool. From there he shipped to the East Indies, and thence to Hong Kong. There he invested a little money in the fruit trade between the Pacific islands and Hong Kong. He prospered so in this line that in a few years he was able to obtain from the natives sole possession of the island of Nyph, where he is now monarch of all he surveys. He carries on an extensive trade, keeps a big bank account in Hong Kong, and is highly respected in business circles, where he is known as the "King of Nyph." He has a wife and family in Charleston, to whom he makes regular remittances of money, and who have a standing invitation to join him and

share his kingdom. BALTIMORE papers record the death of an aged lady in Cecil county, Maryland, who left a collection of property which she had been hoarding for half a century. Besides huge piles of fine bedding which had never been used there were stacks of elegan underwear and marvels of needle-work. In one room of her old-fashioned house stood two large dry-goods cases full of silverware, which had also been untouched. The third-floor rooms had a great quantity of old French laces. Outside stood a trunk full of handsome and valuable sating, silks and laces. There was a freight car full of trunks, values, barrels and boxes which were not open when found, but supposed to contain more silverware and similar goods, and a trunk full of jewelry had been deposited in a bank for safe-keeping. All of which is calculated to make the average young girl of the period wish she had been the old lady's favorite niece.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Critic who signs himself "A Country Rector," relates this anecdote of the late Mr. Lowell: More than thirty years ago a party of Harvard freshmen were going from Cambridge to Boston in a horse-car. Mr. Lowell was also a passenger. Somewhere along the way there entered the car a woman, old and poorly dressed. The seats were all taken; but not one of the young cubs stirred Mr. Lowell quietly rose and insisted upon the woman taking his seat. One, at least, of those freshmen has never forgotten the rebuke.

But perhaps Mr. Lowell would not have done that when he was a freshman, and perhaps any one of those freshmen would have done the same thing thirty years

HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, of Washington. arrived in the city yesterday on his way to Evansville. Though his public and diplomatic duties have kept Mr. Foster out of the State for many years past he still regards it as his home and clings affectionately to the title of Hoosier. For several months past be has been occupied, under the direction of the President, in arranging the details of reciprocity arrangements with Brazil and Spain, and in this capacity has rendered excellent service to the administration and the country.

THE lady managers of the world's fair have calmly resolved to select a national flower. Perhaps this is one of the important duties they were authorized to perform, and perhaps not; but in any case. if the Nation declines to accept their choice what are they going to do about it?

It is commonly supposed that churchgoing people are on the road to heaven, but when a woman goes to church in Chicago and wakes up in Cincinnati she has a right to think a theological screw is loose some-

is not known. Thus this calamity, where so many people met their deaths, is to go on record as a dispensation of Providence with no one to blame. Other owners of unsafe buildings will feel encouraged by this to neglect repairs and disregard warnings until somebody is killed.

PUBLIC opinion in Idaho must be pretty badly demoralized if it does not demand an investigation of the recent prize-fight between two convicts in the State prison, in which the prison officials arranged the preliminaries, and a son of one of the prison commissioners acted as bottle-holder. The affair would be counted disgraceful in any half-civilized country.

THE publishers of Ben-Hur are preparing for the holidays an illustrated edition of that work which it is claimed will be unique in the way of artistic merit and historic accuracy.

A WOMAN is to drive the last nail in the woman's building at the world's fair. Sh had better begin practicing now.

Old Winters on the Farm. I have jest about decided It 'ud keep a town-boy hoppin' Fer to work all winter, choppin' Fer a old fireplace, like I did! Lawz! them old times was contrairy!-Blame backbone o' winter, 'peared-like, Wouldn't break! -and I was skeered-like Clean on in to Febuary! . . . Nothin' ever made me madder Than fer Pap to stomp in, layin' On a extry forestick, sayin'-"Groun'hog's out and seed his shadder!" -James Whitcomb Riley.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR Old Fashioned. "You won't find any oleo on my table," said

Mrs. Hashcroft to the new boarders. "I use only the real, old-fashioned butter." "That's what," commented Billings. "It back-number goods and no mistake." 10 The Proper Spirit,

Evangelist-But, my brother, we should kind, even to our enemies. Blizzard Bill-I allays hev, parson, allays. I've sot up a nice tombstone over every white man plugged. An' it's no small expense, either, fer a man that's hard run as I am.

He Had Been There. "I am not surprised to hear it," remarked Wickwire to his wife, who had just read to him the story of the Connecticut young woman who was stricken dumb by heart trouble; "I remember that when I was in love I could hardly find a word to say for hours at a time."

#### The Test of Towser.

"Miss Pimley-I am both pained and surprised to learn that that miserable idiot, young Soph leigh, called on you last evening. I am sure he would not have done so without your invitation. If you deem this worthy of a reply I shall be pleased to hear from you.

"Very respectfully yours, "CHARLES A. TAPECOUNTER."

"Charlie Dear-Don't be a jealous old goose Of course I invited Mr. Sophleigh to call, but it was only for your sake, my darling boy. Papa bought a new dog day before yesterday, and I wished to find out his (the dog's) disposition. And he is just awful. Ask poor Mr. Sophleigh. "Your own loving

## BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

THE Duke of Nassau, although seventyfive years old, is still hale and hearty, has a fortune of \$25,000,000 and is believed to be the richest prince in Europe.

THERE is no more popular man among the colored contingent than the Rev. Charles A. Parish, of Kentucky, since he announced that Adam was a black man and the forbidden fruit a watermelon. Woman's advancement is emphasized by the fact that forty thousand of the sister-

hood are to-day studying in the various colleges in America, and yet but twentyfive years ago the first college for women BOOK-BUYER has stumbled upon a manuscript containing three poems by Burns,

two of which have never been published. One of them, "Grizelle Grim, the Witch of Cluden," is said to be clever, but too coarse for publication. BECAUSE of his championship of Rev. Dr. Briggs, the Rev. J. H. Bausman.

of the Rochester Presbyterian Church, in the Allegheny (Pa.) Presbytery, is to be tried for heresy. Anticipating this, he resigned, but his congregation refused to accept his resignation. THE Russian exiles in New York are more anxious to learn the English language than the immigrants of any other race from the

them join classes or attend schools for the purpose of learning to speak it. They find JAMES LANE ALLEN, the Kentucky author, lives in a little frame house on the Tate's creek pike, just out of Lexington. Here he passes nearly all his time in literary work, coming into town only when desirous of meeting his friends. He is now at

European continent. A large proportion of

work on a new story, the scene of which will be laid in Keptucky. MRS. POLK was one of the liveliest old widows to be found anywhere. Just before her death, in her eighty-ninth year, she went to the wedding of a niece in Nashville, and was among the gayest of the wedding guests. She received much attention, and was greatly admired, flattered, petted and courted, and seemed to enjoy her

triumphs right well. ONE of the historic characters of the West is Gen. P. J. Connor. of Salt Lake. He is now a retiring and rather soft-spoken old gentleman, yet in the early sixties there was no more fiery and impetuous commander in the country. In those days, when Indians were hostile and Mormons rebellious, he commanded the district of the plains. and was a brave and valuant leader.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, the young author and editor, is a rather bandsome fellow of medium height, with an athletic and well-knit figure. His features are cleancut, his eyes bright, and he has the bearing of a well-bred gentleman. If the adulation with which he is at present being overwhelmed does not spoil him he may some day take high rank in the American world of letters.

CHARLES JAMRACH, well known all over the world as a dealer in wild animals, died on Sunday in London. He was born in Memel, Germany, in 1815, and suggeded to the business on the death of his father, who had establishments in Antwerp and London. When Barnum was burned, out in New York, and so many of the animals perished, the void in the collection was made good by Jamrach.

GENERAL WICHCOTE has died, aged ninety-seven, the last English officer who fought at Waterloo. He was born in 1794. He fagged at Rugby for Macready, the actor. After serving on the peninsula he was ordered with his regiment to New Orleans and actually sailed, but his ship was overtaken by a faster one with orders to return in preparation for the struggle of the allies. He also was at the ball at Brussels before the battle of Waterloo.

In the refurnishing of the two parlors of the White House Mrs. Harrison has specially shown her artistic taste. Blue Room is hung in brocaded blue satin. Very pale blue curtains are at the windows. Navy-blue velvet is used for covering the furniture, while the woodwork of the room is white, so as to form a good background for setting off the blue of the furniture. The east room is lovely in white and gold. The furniture is covered with plash of a deep tint of gold.

MR. BLACKMORE, the novelist, and author of "Lorna Doone," who is not only a novelist, but a barrister, has adopted With or liant panegyrie, thy honest brow apdren attending the public schools, 1,
227,822 are colored. This is not so high success and becoming disconnected and fruit-growing as the occupation of his leisure hours. He but the occupation of his leisure hours. It is the planted, and fruit-growing as killed by stepping out of the couraged, he sold his invention to the but whether from explosion or other cause is to be met with several times a week. I said, or prostrate laborand contraction, seeking train coming the other way.

with his wagon-load of market produce en route for Covent Garden, where, as an enthusiastic amateur, he is scarcely distinguishable from the crowd. of country professionals. His gardens and farms are at Teddington, and he is a well-known character there.

CHIEF ARTHUR had been a locomotive engineer for twenty-two years before he was elected executive of the famous brotherhood. He was recently a visitor in Augusta. Ga., and a local paper prints this description of him: "The Chief Engineer looks about sixty years old, is about five feet six inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds. His hair is gray and the carefully-trimmed Prince-of-Wales beard which adorns his florid face is almost white. His upper lip is clean-shaven and his thin lips have a habit of coming together after each sentence in a very determined and positive way. Mr. Arthur is a well-dressed, wellkept, intelligent and prepossessing man. He is entirely unaffected, and is a man

whose manners, bearing and conversation

easily account for his popularity with the

MAJOR HANDY, of the world's fair commission, has only one sad recollection of his trip abroad. The commission traveled three thousand miles in Russia alone, and at each town where they remained over night their passports were taken up at their hotels when they arrived, and returned to them upon leaving. At Moscow there was a long delay when the hour for departure came, as the passports of the commission were not forthcoming. Strenuous efforts were made by Butterworth and Handy to ascertain the cause of the detention of these documents, and it was finally learned that some wise person had discovered that Major Handy's first name was a Jewish one, and had communicated this information to the police. After several hour's delay the Major was enabled to demonstrate that he was a Christian, the passports were re turned, and the commission went on its

### A YELLOW PAINT CREEK IDYL.

way rejoicing.

It is hardly worth while to go to Kansas to look for poetry, but when a Kansas man turns his attention to rhyme he can sometimes produce creditable results, especially if his subject is political. The average Kansas citizen revels in politics almost as does the Indianian, a characteristic that may be wing to the example and influence of the native Hoosiers, who make up so large a part of the population of the Sunflower State. Whether or not the "philosopher of Yellow Paint creek, Kansas," originally hailed from Indiana is not known, but at all events he has produced a political satire that contains some points of general interest, and that in literary merit ranks with some of the work of the Western Association of Writers. His production is entitled "The Kansas Bandit; or, the Fall of Ingalla." It is written in dramatic form. and opens with a scene in which Alonzo. the bandit, is seen walking up and down the Hiattville road, near Yellow Paint creek. Alonzo speaks:

Here I parade the banks of classic Paint, while Doth like a sitting hen upon me fortunes brood. The times were once when from Gigantic war recovering, the currency was to the Wants of business equal. With scanty rites, Economy, the cickly child of poverty, was then in Grave-yard buried. Apace the times have

Draw poker for the last four years remuneration Hath not yielded. Me constitution doth the full Assimilation of me normal rum refuse. No longer Will the credulous "boot-legger" accept me And all because the people do not rule.

Alonzo here reaches a desperate resolve. and speaks again: Now on the classic banks of Paint I stand, With deathless nerve I clutch this trenchant By fortune crowded to the latest ditch, War I proclaim against both poor and rich;

And now and here, importunate and rash, A stranger appearing, Alonzo draws sigh and a soythe and demands ducats or blood. The stranger strikes and attitud and replies:

My sir: I am in occupation holy, I am a follower of the meek and lowly; Do not detain me, I have got a scheme To get an office. Most of blood I seem To have at present. Ducate are a fiction; I give thee all I have—a benediction. Before I got in politics, dear Bandit.

I had a pulpit and right well I manned it.
I used to tell the story of the cross,
But now I just talk politics and hoss. I'm down on Ingalis now, for his position I do not think real sound on prohibition. Having no cash, he is allowed to pass on

to Wichita, after which enters tall stranger with spectacles, who, in response to the request to stand and ante, proceeds to interrogate the Bandit thus: Do you believe in the purification Of Kansas politics and in the Decalogue!

To which the Bandit responds: Distract me not with thy pale cast Of thought. What man art thou, And where thy cash?

Stranger—I am the Buck of Duke-ing-ham;
I'm fighting Ingalls every day.
I'm fighting Ingalls every way.
I'll make him find out who I am.

Monzo-Art thou a farmer! Stranger-No, I am an agriculturist. dionto-What is the difference! The agriculturist works the farmer.

He is allowed to pass on, and Alonzo solil-O finance! Of which word our Senators do the last Syllable accentuate, in what tartarian gloom are All thy maxims shrouded. The People's party, to Which me native instincts draw me, because it Loves the rule of mediocrity, is now on top. I Love the rule of ignorance. I love to see

o doesn't know a pine refrigerator from Maxim, discourse on finance, whittling on a stor Another stranger appears, who, upon being called on to disgorge, explains:

also, am a kind of Bandit. I run An anti-Ingalls newspaper. I have no cash. I take up a collection as I go, to pay ly operating expenses, including my Fixed charges. I try to keep my operating Expenses within fifty-five per cent. of My gross receipts. \* Editor of the People's party. Thou hast On a clean shirt.

Stranger-But a dirty undershirt-an awfu dirty one. Bandit-'Tis well-but then-I want no shirt-Wealth must I have-disgorge. Stranger-I have no wealth. Bandit-What hast thou, then! Stranger-I have intellect-lately discovered-

The sait at Hutchinson; but still I've got i' Sandit-That will I take, and with this ghastly Which now in circles with violence cer I brandish, all above thy ears will I dissever.

And make thee like the headless hen of Wichita, fed through the gullet with a goose Quill. All that thou needest is thy Cerebellum in these post-bellum days.

A howler of calamity,

He needs no brains for damit'e, Can work on cheek and vanity, Big whiskers and inanity. Smites of head above his ears. The Editor walks

off with his cars sticking up, saying:1 have foiled that rude ruffian's sagacity .-Though I've lost my formation cerebral. There's no darkness, however tenebral hat can't be lit up with mendacity. I'll gather in all the appliances Of the usual Kansas hypocrisy. Charge Ingalls with sheer aristocracy nd ram the charge through the alliances

Another stranger comes, who is discov ered to be a lawyer and recognizes Alonzo as an old acquaintance, and recalls the incidents of their past: Alonzo, dost remember erst-

While before a Bourbon county jury, when Jim Did secuse, and proved it by some dozen wit Atthough thou sworest thou wert in Emporia; How, with white lips, thou saidst, "Save me Hard labor," until I told thee that I had Jin And dost thou not remember how that jury had Carefully selected from sympathetic granger For bread amid the ruins of chaotic finance said, of insufficient circulation, buffeted by rent and Sleepless usury. How, with quixotic rhetoric Fight the gilded vampires in the ambient ether,

How that granger jury were so polly-foxed that They did find a verdict of "not guilty." longo-"Tis true-pass on-but stay. Hast thou the due-bill that I gave thee for thy efforti Stranger-I have est. Behold it! flonze-I know thou hast no money. Lawyers Are but educated paupers.-Still, I can't Do business here for nothing. So far I've

Operated on too small a margin. I now Hold and freeze on to this due-bill. In pig-Ways I hog my earnings in (takes bill)-git! Exit lawyer, and Alonzo apostrophises the due-

Why did I take this note! It's only flat. It isn't worth the trouble of the getting. I can't hypothecate the thing for diet. It's payable to him, and I forgot To make the man indorse it on the spot.

It seems to me that borrower and lender Have neither rights the other should re-That each man's note should be a legal tender Abolishing all methods to collect. And then the circulation can be made Fully responsive to the wants of trade

The sum per capita in circulation Must be fixed up by Windom right away, Or revolution will surprise the Nation. One thousand dollars to the head, some say, With more economy, would pull us through But I believe I'd rather have it two.

Yet, amid all this calamity, there's Ingalls. What has he done for Kansasi He doth His brains around, and with the Nation But it is cash, not brains, the people want. Down, down with Ingalls! Brains don't

The people now in Kansas worth a cent. A bare-footed person with spectacles comes along, who proves to be a new member of Congress. He gives the countersign. "Down with Ingalls," and relates how he happened to be elected:

I know these people. Brains they do Not want, for if they did, I'd give it to them. Hal did not know what beat him—'twas lack Of moisture in the atmosphere. He was the Victim of climatic scarcity. My district expects Me to produce territorial humidity, and divide The rain-belt with the sea-board States. Ingalls Could not accomplish it. He therefore failed To be a statesman. What has he done for Kansast All she needs is rain. She having Rain has grain, and having grain, had Ingalls He could not make it rain; hence, naught for deputation for himself and State, and all the on rang with Kansas and with Ingalis, And in the Senate, leaning up against his own Backbone he sat, and ruled most royally, as To the intellectual purple born. But still he Couldn't make it rain, and now we've got him

He passes on and drops a paper from his pocket, which contains some verses, of which this is a sample:

Will somebody please explain Why we do not get any rain? We've got prohibition, Behold our position— No whisky, no beer, no rain.

The bandit is frightened at an object that comes up the road, but which, on being challenged, makes itself known as a high moral plane: Bandit-Thou art a strange thing. Thy object?

H. M. P.-The object of a high moral plane is to A reputation for being better than any Thing. Not to be better, but to get the Reputation. Climb on. Our object is to Politics by running it ourselves. \* \*

Down on Ingalls for another reason; -he's Agnostic and blasphemer. His speeches He don't believe that there's another happy World where he can go and live forever Moralists. Then he is vain, and vanity is What high moral planes abhor. He lacks

Element of Christian humility that should Say unto the nearest presiding elder—thy Will in politics, not mine, be done.

The bandit declines to climb on, and next interviews a "noble granger" who looms up out of the darkness. His name, Calamity Bill, with a reputation for beating mortgages. He possessed no silver or gold; no greenbacks, national bank notes, checks or drafts-nothing in fact but a plug of to-

Alonzo—I chew not plug, I am a great
And earnest soul in deep disguise. By force
Of business necessity compelled to rob and
Steal because there is only eight dollars Per capita in actual circulation. All the Rest is hoarded. Victim I am of Windom And the administration. Hast thou good Clothes! It's dark, I cannot see.

Stranger -I have at home, not here. Intending To address the sturdy yeomanry and whoop Them up from an industrial stand-point, This night did don a suit of jeans for the sion. Such as I husk corn in

. . I had to-night intended to Explain unto the bone and sinew of our How Windom and McKinley of a wealthy People made a nation full of paupers. How The government should issue money at one Per cent on farms. \* \* \*

And how the way to Make a dollar is to stamp a piece of paper Then call it one. Language, not cash, is all Alonzo grows desperate, rails against the obstacles placed in the way of honest labor

and the financial depression from which he is suffering, and declares: I cannot wait the slow and Tedious restoration of those days when no man Worked, yet everything was had. Prepare for Death! I think that I can turn an honest Penny by finding thee when a reward is offered. The noble granger interrupts and explains

that down at a school-house an expectant union labor and alliance caucus waits: To tell how laws must needs be most unjust That will not let a person be a creditor.

I have a money scheme, most noble Bandit,

That beats two of yours. I can rob more men In fifteen minutes than you can in a year. With Danger yours is fraught, with mine is none.

He discloses his plan: First-Ingalls must be beaten. In his stead A man of the Alliance must be placed, here And elsewhere-a man of hair. We must Have Peffer or a mattress. Then we will take The printing-presses, and, making money, loan To farmers at a nominal per cent. on land by Farmers valued. Make the money legal tender, Then we scoop 'em in. When once we get The timid, invalid and weak to loose their faith In a metallic currency we've got 'em. They

Represents. They hold the paper, waiting its redeemer, like Job of old did his, till time Hath worn them out and made them toss the Alonzo is invited to join, and, after strug-

gling with his conscience, at last yields and speaks: Now, I can shine as in a real dime novel.

To be a statesman now to me belongs— Like fare checks, I'll stack the people's wrongs. Let's howl sub-treasury-free cash-and Peffer. Let's go back on our mortgages-of course-While through our statesman's whiskers the wild zephyr, The Kansas zephyr, skips with solemn force. We'll down 'em, and we'll keep 'em down, that's

We'll keep 'em down as long as it don't rain We are all statesmen, let us all reune; To this Alliance caucus let us go: Ha! Ingails, ha! thou meet'st thy overthrow.

A Millionaire's View. Cyrus Field will not "keep in with the boys" if he continues to follow the course which he adopted with a certain boy recently. He gave the lad 3 cents for unchecking his horse at a wayside trough and explained to his wagon companion: pever give more than that for a small service. I think the reckless way of throwing 10 cents and a quarter to poor boys is harmful, as it leads them to expect more than their work is worth, and they do not value what they earn so easily. A penny for such a service would pay the boy; then

why should I give him a large sum! More Eyes Needed.

Philadelphia Inquirer If there is anything in the Darwinian theory of development in consonance with the environment it is pretty nearly time for pature to produce a race of men with eyes in the back of their heads, for special convenience in perambulating ratiroad tracks. Almost every day we read of men being killed by stepping out of the way of a train on one track just in time to be bit by a